



A Sketch of the Bradleys of Washington

A paper read before the Columbia Historical
Society Tuesday, May 13th, 1902.

IN preparing this paper I have been embarrassed by the fact that there has never been a chronicler in our family, nor have I ever heard of a member of it who kept a diary. The old folk who saw the beginning of the City as the seat of government a century ago, and were associated with its early history, were all permitted to depart this life without it having occurred to any one to interview them with the purpose of jotting down their reminiscences; and thus much that would have been interesting and entertaining to our generation was never recorded. For lack of such record I find my resources limited mostly to rather dry and matter-of-fact material, and regret that my paper will necessarily be more nearly biographical than illustrative of the times. I hope it will not seem very tedious.

The brief sketch which I am invited to give relates to the families and descendants of two brothers, Abraham and Phineas Bradley, who settled in this City early in the century just completed—Abraham,* the elder of the two, coming in May, 1800, having in charge the removal of the General Post Office Department from Philadelphia to Washington, and Phineas in 1801, having accepted a position in the same Department.

* My grandfather.

These two brothers (and three sisters who resided elsewhere) were the children of Abram Bradley, the third of his name in direct line of descent from ancestors who came from England and settled in Guilford, Conn., in 1639. As this progenitor (Abraham) spent the later years of his life with his sons in this City and was much interested in its growth and development, perhaps a brief mention of him will not be inappropriate, especially as he was a man of unusual physical and mental vigor and activity, and an alert and intelligent observer and student of affairs. He owned no property here, aside from being a stockholder in the old Bank of Washington, but he bequeathed his sterling character and abilities to his two sons, who gave the best part of their lives to the establishment, on firm and business-like foundations, of one of the great Departments of the Government.

In a note made by himself, at the age of 88, in an old family Bible, he humorously records that he had been "a man of various enterprises; an inhabitant of the States of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia; a surveyor of land, master of vessel, selectman, town treasurer, representative in the State Legislature, justice of the peace, a *Zealous Whig*, captain in the Revolutionary War, judge of the court, town clerk, and something of a scribbler in prose and verse; and at this time living at Clover Hill (Washington, D. C.) and hoping to see many happy days yet." (Clover Hill there mentioned was the country seat of his son Phineas.)

An obituary notice of him which appeared in the *Village Record* at West Chester, Penna., in August, 1824, and was written by the Hon. Chas. Miner, editor and owner of the paper—an old friend of Mr. Bradley—says of him, among many other things, that "During the

whole of his long life after he came to manhood, Mr. Bradley took an active part in the discussion of the most interesting political questions which from time to time arose and agitated the public mind. As a writer he was clear and methodical, his style easy and flowing, his language correct, and his manner sprightly; so that his essays, distinguished by their good sense, happy illustration and agreeable manner, were always popular; and as his principles were sound and his views liberal, they were the means of doing much good. A volume published at the age of 70 years, entitled 'A New Theory of the Earth,'* displayed research, acuteness of thinking, and much ingenuity in reasoning. Poetry was the amusement of his idle hours. His versification was sweet and free, and the writer of this notice was always proud to enrich the columns of his journal with the sprightly productions of his pen. * * * Thus his life was actively and usefully spent, much of it in the public service, and the evening of his days was cheered by the kindest and most delicate attention of his children. Of incorruptible integrity, benevolent in his feelings, he lived respected and beloved to an age rarely attained."

Among the many products of his pen in the family archives, I beg to quote from only two or three letters written from Washington to his daughters. One, dated October 8, 1816, in his 85th year, says, speaking of the religious sects of this city: "We have here a variety. First, the Roman Catholic Church. This is the largest congregation and embraces nearly all of the foreign inhabitants; Mr. Mathews is the priest. We have two Episcopalian Churches, about two miles apart. Mr. McCormick is the parson of that on Capitol Hill and derives his principal support from a common school which he teaches.

* A copy of which is in the Congressional Library.

The other, situated near the President's House, is a new building — no parson at present. Two Presbyterian Churches about as far apart. The one is near the Capitol — Parson Breckenridge has been and perhaps may be the pastor, but being of rather a fickle turn it is doubtful. He is sometimes elsewhere, and derives his support chiefly from his farm — or rather his wife's. Of the other, Dr. Laurie is the pastor. He is of the Ceder sect, so much stiffer in point of holiness as not to communicate with the common Presbyterians. He derives his support chiefly from a clerkship he holds in the Treasurer's office. One Baptist Church — Parson Brown. He also is a clerk, and a very good one, in the General Post Office, and has of late acquired a number of proselytes. One Methodist Church, erected last year at the sole expense of Mr. Foxall, the Government cannon founder. It is a very decent edifice.* I believe they have no settled preacher, but the Methodists, you know, are all preachers. Mr. Foxall himself sometimes officiates. And we have one small Quaker Church. These are all plodding along in their various routes to Heaven — many of them in a careless manner, but each one in the road of his own selection. The roads to those delectable regions are very numerous. The Christians, ancient and modern, have found out about two hundred already. New sects are frequently springing up, and will in all probability double the number, for every one being at liberty to put his own construction on the Sacred Text, they find ample matter for setting out on new courses."

Again: "The Doctor (Phineas) and his family attended a great camp meeting on Sunday, held about 9 miles from Clover Hill. There was a great concourse of people. The whites and blacks had distinct apartments, and differ-

* This was, I understand, the Foundry Church.

ent conversion pens; these pens were littered with straw for the new converts to flounce upon during their frantic fits. The greatest order and regularity was observed except respecting those who were tormented between the pangs and convulsions of hope and fear. During the agitations of the new birth the greatest indulgence was allowed, in which the distressed souls, all agonized, appeared frantic, and rose up, fell down, wallowed on the straw, sang, groaned, prayed, with trickling eyes and distorted countenances. Our people none of them had the misfortune of being converted and returned home a little after sunset, all safe and sound."

Another letter, written March 16, 1819, in his 88th year, says: "Congress is now drawing to a close, and must inevitably leave a great deal of unfinished business for the next session. They have wasted much time on the question of the Seminole War; merely to determine whether General Jackson's conduct was to be approved or condemned, on which they were nearly equally divided; but those who approved ultimately prevailed. The Senate condemned by a large majority, and had the House had the same evidence there is no doubt the Representatives would have done likewise; but although they debated long upon it, the most material evidence was never produced before them. * * * They have raised the salaries of the heads of Departments and Judges of the Supreme Court to \$6,000, the Postmaster-General to \$4,500, and the Assistant Postmasters to \$2,500 each, which is an addition to A. of \$800 and to P. \$900. This has rekindled the malice of D. and he is spitting out his venom by the wholesale. But that fellow is already so famous for falsehood and malice that his invectives are totally disregarded. His pen is too contemptible to produce scandal; and as

The Devil never feels in trim
But when in lies and scandal busy;
The Aurora man is just like him,
And in fact a Junior Devil is he.

High living, furniture, dress, and etiquette are the order of the day. The more a man gets, the more he spends, and many who have a competent income are continually running into debt and bankruptcy. Those who can not afford it are anxious to make an equal show with those who can; and the one half of the salaries public officers get would, aside from ostentation, be just as good for them as the whole."

"WASHINGTON CITY, *August 1, 1815.**

"DEAR SIR:

"Not all the debilities incident to a state of superannuation have yet effaced from my mind the recollection of my good old friends. I have often had it in contemplation to write you, and as often neglected it. And when the additional tax of 50 per cent. was attached to postage, it seemed to present a new obstacle. And this our wise-heads and warhawks saw proper to blend with the other enormous taxes which necessarily resulted from Madison's holy war for free trade and sailors' rights, all of which were totally overlooked and forgotten in the Treaty of Ghent.

"This I take the opportunity of transmitting by my grandson, Abraham B. 3d. And here I can not forbear to mention the satisfaction I enjoy in the prosperity of my children. My two sons are doing well. And I have here also three grandsons — Abraham, William and Eleazur (Lindsley) — all separately well established in business, and five younger ones coming on, and about as many granddaughters.

* This letter was not received until the day after this paper was read, but it is made a part of the record. It was sent to me by the Secretary of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and was written to Judge Jesse Fell of Wilkes-Barre.

“ Washington City has, like the Phoenix, risen again from its ashes. It is considered that the Seat of Government is permanently fixed. The inhabitants seem to be inspired with new life and energies; more than ever engaged in trade; many new houses building, and many more would be but for the scarcity of materials. The value of property has taken a great rise both in the city and its vicinity. Many architects, mechanics and laborers are employed in rebuilding the public edifices and the Navy Yard. The Navy Yard, it is said, Commodore Stewart has in charge, as also the building of two ships of war.

“ The Congress, public offices and Navy Yard all tend, and nearly equally, to the emolument of this city. A steamboat now plies between the city and Fredericksburg in Virginia. She goes and comes every day and rests several hours at each landing, uniformly calling at Alexandria. The cities of Alexandria and Georgetown both display much more energy in trade than Washington, and equally as much in building houses and stores. * * * Marstellaer, late cashier of the Merchants' Bank in Alexandria, being, about the close of the war, employed by Government to build Fort Washington (8 miles below) upon a large scale, has been detected in exhibiting a fraudulent account amounting to \$120,000 more than he could produce vouchers for; his villainy was discovered and proved last week, and he absconded. Public frauds are discovered very frequently. You have doubtless seen the account of James Whittlesey, State of New York, an agent of the Government, who had announced that he had been robbed of \$40,000 — and that his bail afterwards found hidden in his own house between two beds. And the *Gleaner* informs us that Joseph Von Sick, commissioner's clerk in Luzerne County, had

been detected and committed for robbing the archives of obsolete county orders and passing them off for his own emolument. What will not Democracy do? Surely these, among many other instances of democratic fraud, must have a powerful tendency to establish the integrity of Federalism.

“We begin to look out, with some degree of anxiety, for news from the contending powers of Europe. Murat has already gone over the dam; and it is to be hoped the Corsican bloodhound may soon meet with a similar fate. But this must depend much on the sentiments of the French nation — if any sentiments they have that are permanent. For if France is united in favor of Bonaparte, the allies can not conquer it; but if France is divided, the allies will conquer Napoleon and his army. It is to be feared that rivers of blood must be shed in the contest.

“We had a hard winter, a cold and dry spring, and the summer extremely hot and dry. Our gardens are nearly destroyed with the drought; and unless we are favored very soon with plenteous rains, little or no corn can come to maturity. Indian corn is 125 to 150 cents per bushel, and the present crops look gloomy in the extreme. General health prevails in this country since warm weather came on, but in the cold season the epidemic, which has ravaged almost every section of the United States, was very rife, and swept off great numbers on every side of us; but it was our good fortune to escape it. I have enjoyed a very comfortable state of health from my first arrival. Although I passed my eighty-fourth year in a climate deemed moderate, it had like to have been too much for me. * * *

“Your friend and most obedient,

“ABRAHAM BRADLEY.”

Abraham Bradley died at the ripe age of ninety-three, and was buried at Verona, N. Y.

His two sons were so intimately associated with the beginning and development of the General Post Office Department, and it was such a large part of their life, that I may be pardoned for linking them together in this paper. Abraham Bradley, the elder of the two, was Associate Justice of Luzerne County, Penna., and residing in Wilkes-Barre when Col. Timothy Pickering, who held the office of prothonotary in the same town, was appointed Postmaster-General by President Washington in 1791, and requested Mr. Bradley to accompany him to Philadelphia as his confidential clerk. A friend, writing of him, says: "Abraham Bradley was an unassuming man, modest and retiring almost to diffidence, yet a lawyer of competent learning, with a clear and discriminating mind, and an industry that knew no relaxation when there was a duty to be performed; and a more valuable officer could not have been selected by Colonel Pickering, who was an excellent judge of human nature." He (A. B.) soon removed to Philadelphia to enter upon the duties of his appointment. The year 1800 was the time set for the removal of the Departments of the Federal Government to Washington, and Mr. Bradley, having been appointed 1st Assistant Postmaster-General in 1799, was entrusted with the transfer of the General Post Office Department from Philadelphia.

A number of letters I copied from the files of the General Post Office would be interesting as indicating the times and the characteristics of the writer, but as they relate more directly to the Department and hence are not appropriate here, I will quote from two or three only, giving first impressions.

In a letter dated June 2d, 1800, he says: "We arrived

here on Friday last,* having had a pleasant journey so far as we traveled by daylight. We stopped one day to rest at Baltimore (where we found Mr. Burwell in good health and spirits, and performing his business much at his ease). Captain Stevenson, with whom I agreed for a house before my arrival, was not ready to give possession, and the house was not convenient for us. I have therefore taken a large three-story house within a few rods of Blodgett's Hotel, which will accommodate the office and my family and the postmaster's office; it is about equidistant from the President's House and from the Capitol. It is impossible that all the people attached to the public offices should be accommodated with houses; the few that have been let are at rents none under two hundred and fifty and three hundred dollars. Provisions are plenty, good enough, and cheaper than in Philadelphia. You can buy a peck of field strawberries for a five-penny bit; garden berries at eleven cents a quart. Vegetation is at least two weeks earlier here than in Philadelphia. For myself I do not regret the removal. The situation of the city is beautiful and the season is extremely pleasant. * * * The President has not yet arrived."

Another letter, nine days later, June 11, 1800, to Jos. Habersham (Postmaster, Philadelphia), says: "We have not been able to open the office and to accommodate business until to-day. I left Philadelphia Wednesday, the 27th of May, and arrived here on the evening of the 29th. The President left Philadelphia the 26th and arrived at Georgetown the first of June. The situation of the city is extremely pleasant, and it will probably become the greatest city in America. * * * (I have not been able to learn whether any house has been taken for your family, and have therefore been obliged to store your

* May 29th it was.

furniture in Georgetown.) We have taken Dr. Crocker's house for this office — close by the great hotel — and for my family, at \$600 a year; the apportionment of the rent I shall leave to you; it appears to me that \$200 is as much as I ought to pay for a house. Our office is kept on the second floor, which contains one large room and two small ones; the largest is 27 x 17 feet and the smallest are each 15 x 14 feet. * * * We have a flood of business on hand at this time, and our removal has put us a month in arrears. It took us a week to prepare to move, load, etc., and will take us another week to get our things in proper order. Mr. Webster is employed here; Mr. Craven keeps the books, and I shall employ another person to assist us a few weeks or until you return."

June 12, 1800: "No place can be more pleasantly situated than this for a large city; it has, however, been commenced on such an extensive scale that it will be long before it has the appearance of a town. There are about five hundred houses extended over about ten square miles, so that they are very much scattered."

June 13, 1800, in answer to some complaint as to the non-establishment of a post route, he writes: "You have probably noticed that there are already about 720 post-offices in the United States, and two or three hundred more must be established on the post roads designated by Congress." (At the close of the fiscal year 1900 there were 76,688 post-offices in the United States, or about one to every one thousand inhabitants.)

Abraham Bradley in early life married Miss Hannah Smith of Pittston, Luzerne County, Penna., a lady of old colonial stock, Christian culture and sterling character, whose tastes sympathized with his own.

Their first residence after removing to Washington was

at the house rented from Dr. Crocker at the northeast corner of Ninth and E streets, which served for a time as their home and the Post-Office Department. Then he removed to a house on Seventh street, between E and F, east side, which was torn down many years ago and replaced by a more modern building. Later he resided at the southeast corner of Twelfth street and Maryland avenue southwest — a house afterwards occupied by Dr. Morgan — a section of the city which, like that toward the Arsenal Point, had hopes and ambitions which were never realized. In 1814 he purchased from Philip Barton Key and John W. Claggett 218 acres of the tract then and since known as Chevy Chase, and in 1818 acquired 15 acres more. Here he raised his family in peace and comfort, found retirement for his favorite studies, relaxation from the cares and burdens of his busy life, and here entertained in quiet and cordial hospitality his friends and relatives. It is said that in 1814, when the British took possession of Washington, several members of the Cabinet went into seclusion at Chevy Chase for a day or two, and that valuable records of the Post Office and other Departments were temporarily hidden there until the Red Coats retired across country.

Dr. Phineas Bradley, the brother, was a practicing physician in Wilkes-Barre, Penna., when Abraham removed to Washington, and in 1801 followed him to this city to accept a position in the same Department where seventeen years later he also received the appointment of Assistant Postmaster-General. He had married Miss Anna Jones, from Chemung, New York, a lady "distinguished for her amiable qualities and personal beauty." He acquired considerable property in this city, but up to to-day I have not satisfactorily located his city residences, though the information will come later.

In 1809 he purchased from John Dixon a tract northeast of the city called "Powell's Dividend," which he renamed Clover Hill. It is now occupied by Glenwood Cemetery. (It seems the humor of fate that the country seat of the more jovial and social of the brothers should become a cemetery, while that of the retired student and philosopher should be now the home of the fashionable country club and favorite golf links of Washington.) Dr. Bradley lived at Clover Hill until 1839, when he sold it, and after several transfers it became, in 1854, the property of the Glenwood Association. The quaint old farm house in which Dr. Bradley lived for 30 years, and where he often entertained Henry Clay and other worthies of that day, still stands in the northeast corner of the grounds; and a week ago I strolled through the ancient parlor and looked into the antiquated store-room and cupboard and could almost imagine I detected a faint aroma of refreshing sundries such as were so often served in the long ago to please the palate of the welcome visitor.

Thus the two brothers in their charming old country places lived in the unconventional, informal, and comfortable way characteristic of the times when life was less hurried and strenuous, when social burdens pressed less heavily, good living was cheaper, and good fellowship more common; and found relaxation from the cares, worries, and burdens of their responsible positions—and only a glance at the correspondence in the old books of the Post Office Department will give one an adequate idea of what these burdens were in the general clamor for post-offices and mail delivery in a growing country, pulsating with new life and energy, and amid a restless, pushing, impatient people, requiring of the heads of the Department the greatest patience, good judgment, firmness, quick decision and justice.

The brothers, being Federalists, were among the first victims to the new war cry, "To the victors belong the spoils," which ushered in the Jackson Administration.

Abraham Bradley died in 1838 and Phineas in 1845. I will beg to quote a few brief paragraphs from a very kindly and appreciative obituary notice which appeared in the July 31st, 1845,* issue of the *National Intelligencer*. After giving a sketch of their lives, it says: "Appointed by Pickering, it need hardly be said they were both Federalists—Federalists of the old school; but mingling the rarest prudence with the most free and unreserved repression of their opinions, they passed the ordeal of all the Administrations without scath,—a matter alike honorable to themselves and to the Democratic gentlemen who were called to rule over them. * * * Thus it may be said that the Post Office Department from infancy to childhood and from childhood up to the full growth, expansion and power of manhood, was nursed, brought up and educated under the superintendence of Abraham and Phineas Bradley; and the merits and blessings of that great establishment are more especially theirs than any other persons who have yet lived—not meaning in the slightest degree to detract from the merit of the various eminent heads of the Department. * * * Abraham Bradley was a book man; in his hours of leisure loved study, talked philosophy and metaphysics, was fond of abstruse speculations, and wrote well on every subject on which he chose to employ his pen. As a more active recreation agriculture was his delight. Extremely domestic, moderate in all his wants and expenditures, he ought to have had a fortune. But after the education of a fine

* Having been copied in full from the *Wikes-Barre Advocate* of July 2, 1845, and written by the same loyal friend, Hon. Chas. Miner, who wrote the obituary of their father.

family of children he left but a moderate independence.

* * * Dr. Phineas Bradley, on the other hand, was thoroughly read in the great book of human nature. Man he had studied to advantage, and rarely was there a person who understood his subject more thoroughly. There was no affectation of graceful manners or fashionable politeness about him,—but he met you with a cordial shake of the hand and a cheerful good morning. Perfectly master of the topics of the day, you would seldom meet a more intelligent gentleman or interesting companion. * * * Neither of them was a diner-out, nor a giver of parties, an attendant upon levees, or seen as courtier at the houses of the great. Each at home living in elegant simplicity, their hospitable tables were always well set and open with cordial welcome to such friends as might happen in.”

Dr. Phineas Bradley had several children, but only two survived him—a son and daughter. The daughter married Rev. Levin I. Gilliss, the first rector of Ascension Church, who remained many years in that pulpit and was revered and loved by his people. They had but one child, known to many of this Association in recent years as Mrs. Marianne A. B. Kennedy, who died in December last at her late residence, 1630 Rhode Island Avenue. An ardent member of the Epiphany Church, to which her affections and service were given without stint, she was beloved by a large circle of friends for her amiable qualities and bright, generous disposition.

The son, William A. Bradley, was somewhat of a prominent figure in this community. Born in 1794, and coming with his father to Washington in 1801, he commenced active life as runner in the Bank of Washington, and subsequently became president of that bank. He was also afterwards president of the Patriotic Bank

and of the Franklin Insurance Co., and was director in the latter from the date of its organization in 1818. He was at one time Mayor of the city, and was for many years a heavy mail contractor under the United States Government, running nearly all the mail routes south of Washington. During the administrations of Presidents Taylor and Fillmore, 1849 to 1853, he was city postmaster. He married Miss Sidney Ann Thruston, daughter of Judge Thruston (and sister of Mrs. Admiral L. M. Powell). They had four children, three of whom married, but only one had issue. There is but one living descendant of William A. Bradley—Mrs. Theo. Dewey, wife of Lieut. Theo. Dewey, U. S. N.

Mr. Wm. A. Bradley in 1835 purchased Analostan Island, the old home of General and Mrs. Mason, long known as a garden spot and also for the hospitality and social prominence of its owners in years gone by. I do not know how long Mr. Bradley resided there. Later he built the double house on Maryland Avenue between Eighth and Ninth Streets now occupied by the Sisters of Charity of St. Dominic's Church, where he resided for some years, and there often entertained Mr. Webster and other men well known in Congress and the District. My earliest recollections of him are when he had, still later, removed to the house on Louisiana Avenue, one door east from the present office of the District Commissioners, and where he dispensed his hospitalities freely and enjoyably to friends and others. It was a time of quiet as well as convivial good living — the day of ante-meridian juleps, post-prandial cordials and post-meridian punches; and then, as now, many matters of public interest and importance were discussed and decided over the cup that warms in winter and cools in summer (same cup, with ice in it for both seasons). 'Tis said the selection of Washington

as the seat of government was a shrewd deal between Hamilton and Jefferson over "a dinner with punch and Madeira," and that even with that assistance it was passed by a majority of only two in the House and three in the Senate. There is a legend of mellow tint and pleasant memory in the minds of some old citizens that Mr. Wm. A. Bradley had a peculiar brand and brew of seductive flavor which has not since been excelled in originality and aroma by the most skilful members of Army and Navy clubs, some of whom have been celebrated, in confidential circles, for individuality and positive genius in compounding beverages which have been known to inspire a flow of soul at feasts of reason. It may be, however, that this particular compound of pleasant memory was but an original variation on the prevailing punch. I think it is Mr. Ben: Perley Poore who mentions a "Daniel Webster Punch," which was "made of Medford rum, brandy, champagne, arrack, maraschino, strong green tea, lemon juice and sugar." The proportions are not given, doubtless in order to leave *something* to the imagination and originality of the compounder.

Abraham Bradley had eight children, three of whom—Joseph, Henry, and Charles Bradley—were more or less identified with the history and business interests of this city. Henry married Miss Mary Prout, and commenced active life in Washington in the dry-goods business, his partner being a Mr. Catlett. He subsequently gave up this business and bought a farm in Montgomery County, where he prospered; and having always property interests in Washington, attained to a comfortable competence. His four children married, and their families are living in Washington and in Montgomery County. The later years of his life were spent in this city, and his home was in one of two comfortable buildings he erected on Third

Street northwest, just above E Street. He was a man of sterling integrity, pure life and Christian character.

Joseph H. Bradley, born in 1802, and a graduate of Yale College, was a well-known member of the bar of this city for many years. His long residence here gave him a wide acquaintance among the business men of Washington, and he was almost an encyclopædia of business law as practiced here, and became one of the most successful pleaders before a jury. He was connected with many prominent cases both in the lower and the United States Supreme Court, and ought to have accumulated a competence, but had raised and educated a large family, lived freely and hospitably, always had dependents who imposed upon his generosity, and he did much law business without compensation — being too kind-hearted to demand just and proper remuneration for his services from those of limited means, and too lenient in exacting his dues from those who were deeply indebted to him. He succeeded to the Chevy Chase farm, and it was to him, as it had been to his father, a haven of rest — a little paradise. He loved its fields and woods and knew every rock and shrub about it; and my father, Charles Bradley, always shared his love for the old place. To them no water was so pure or sweet as that out of the old well and drank from the cocoa-nut dipper; no breakfasts to compare with the famous corn-pone and inimitable codfish balls and fragrant coffee made by the old colored cook Sunday mornings; no air so entrancing as that gently wafted in through the open windows in early summer mornings, fragrant with the odor of flowers and shrubs and dew-laden grass; and no paintings so exquisite as the sun-sets over the—now—golf links! An ideal old country home, full of sweet memories, associated with love, romance, happy hours and open hospitality, when

the sons and daughters were just grown, and all were full of life and animation.

Mr. Bradley in early life married Miss Lucy Tuttle of New Haven, who died about fifteen years before her husband. He sold Chevy Chase only a short time before his death, which occurred in 1884. His children all married, but have all passed away. There are seven grandchildren living.

Charles Bradley, my father,—the last of the family to be mentioned,—was the youngest of Abraham Bradley's children and born in 1816. He began his business life in the dry good's store of his brother Henry, and later became bookkeeper in the Patriotic Bank and secretary of the Franklin Insurance Co., which latter position he retained during his life. When the National Bank of the Republic was organized in 1865 he became cashier of that bank, and retained that position until his death in 1881. He was connected with several other corporations. He married Miss Catharine Coyle, daughter of Andrew Coyle, and eight children were born to them, of whom seven are living—six in this city. [Justice Andrew C. Bradley, his second son, died since the delivery of this paper.]

His first permanent residence was at 309 C Street N. W., which he purchased shortly after his marriage in 1847, and some years later built on the adjoining lot the more commodious home No. 307 C Street, where he resided until his death.

Our neighbors in those early days were old families whose names have been recalled to this Association by Mr. Douglas Levely's recent papers, and I need not rehearse them. I can not refrain, however, from a word in passing about the old C Street neighborhood. It was a comfortable, cheerful, unconventional and rather popular old community then—much visited

from other parts of the city and its two boarding houses much frequented by Members of Congress. It was the day of small incomes, cheap food and clothing and old-fashioned hospitality. It was also the day of pure democracy, and the freedom of the city was generously accorded to the animal kingdom, — giving certain neighborhoods, and ours especially, a semi-pastoral appearance. Stately processions of conceited geese and inane, cackling ducks waddled calmly and peacefully along the streets to and from their morning bath in Tiber Creek; stray pigs rooted unmolested in the gutters until their day of judgment came — once a year — when a stalwart negro appeared with an eager bull-dog, which rushed with apparent glee and enjoyment to his business of catching pigs by the ear and holding them until secured and carried off. Cows browsed lazily along the curbs and in vacant lots, and occasionally one more intelligent and romantic than the rest — tired, perhaps, of a steady diet of grass — would wander forth moonlight nights, stealthily unlatch front gates and make her way to the garbage barrel in the back yard, and was never cured until some fateful night the barrel remained on her head and led to exposure and punishment. A not infrequent sight was a wagon-load of fresh hides being hauled through the street and followed by a dozen or more frantic cows, rearing, plunging, kicking, stamping, swinging their tails high in air and bellowing with every sign of grief and frenzy. Some of the curious human freaks who roamed about in those days would be worth describing, but time does not admit.

A closing word of tribute to those to whom I am most indebted. My father was a man of the purest life, strictest integrity and most consistent Christian character, and my mother a woman of the finest instincts, cultured in

mind and heart, and an earnest Bible student, who strove to instill into her children the faith and principles which were the foundation and strength of her own character. The patriotism of both was as deep and ingrained as their religion, and they loved the old flag as they did their church.

The ancestors of both had a clean, consistent record for Christian character and good citizenship, and thus bequeathed to their descendants "a goodly heritage."

CHAS. S. BRADLEY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.



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